H. B. PAYNE ON THE FRAUD.

AN OHIO MEMBER OF THE ELECTORAL

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made an address which seemed almost in-apired. Every man present listened to it almost without stirring a muscle, and when he had finished there was allence for quite a number

H. B. PAYNE ON THE FRAUD.

AN OHIO MEMBER OF THE ELECTORAL

COMITISMON TELLS FILLAY HE ENOVA.

The Inside Bissery of the Meat Memorable

"Hence Condition of the Control of a one as comes to only one man in fifty millions, and rise supprior to all influences, interior or exterior, tending to bias his judgment. But I believe if Mr. Davis had been in his place he would have been a Judge, and a Judge only, in the highest and fullest sense of the word.

"It was early to be seen that Mr. Bradley was almost as partisan as the rest of us. When the Florida case came up he promutly voted with the Republicans on the main question, the test question, which eventually settled the whole matter in Hayes's favor. Our only hope then was to throw out an ineligible Hayes elector. When this question was raised as to Humphries, the Federal officehoider and ineligible Hayes elector, a vote was taken as to whether evidence of eligibility should be admitted. Mr. Bradley voted with us. and when we adjourned for the night there was some hope he would vote with the Democrats to exclude Humphries's ballot on the ground of his constitutional ineligible when we should reach the question the next day.

"Some of us had noticed for some time the strong influence which Justice Miller exerted over Justice Bradley. Miller was a man of great individuality, strength of mind, and personal magnetism. That he made a studious, earnest effort to influence Bradley's mind, to obtain a sort of mesmeric control over him, was apparent to the observing. I feared Miller's influence, and therefore was not as hopeful as some of my colleagues. As I was leaving my rooms next morning to go to the Supreme Court chamber a friend said to me: You are gone up. It flashed through my mind that Justice Miller's influence, and therefore was not as hopeful as some of my colleagues. As I was leaving my rooms next morning to go to the Supreme Court chamber a friend said to me: You are gone up. It flashed through my my mind that Justice Miller's influence over Justice Bradley had some connection with what my friend had said though to whose soon on as greated to having the one of taking a vote on Humphries's eligibility at once, without that Justi

somer attempting to force his brother into consciusion without the assistance of the arguments and citations of counsel.

"Justice Miller made reply, in which he objected to having Commissioner Bradley singled out as the one of us all whom arguments could reach. Justices Clifford, Strong, Fields, and himself were in no different position from Justice Bradley. He thought argument a waste of time, and a vote might as well be taken at once, or, at least, without calling in counsel.

"To me this impatience to proceed to a vote, coming from Justice Miller, was particularly irritating, and I again spoke in favor of extended argument, both by counsel in public assion and by ourselves in privacy. I fear I bore down rather hard on Brother Miller, even intimating the obviousness of his attempt to place Justice Bradley under his kind tutelage, and his possible eagerness to proceed immediately because he feared the effect of enlightenment upon the mind of his protógic. Of course my words were not so broad as these, but were in this vein; and both Miller and myself spoke with sufficient warmin to cause this incident to be afterward referred to by our colleagues as the only unpleasant one of all our sessions.

Of course I am not at liberty to tell you anything of our secret sessions—perhans I have said too much already. But I wish to add one more incident, and then I am done. It was just at the close of our business, and Haves was to be President. I was sitting in one of the Supreme Court chairs, when Justice Miller, happy and smilling over the result, came up, and, placing his arm along the back of my seat, said; Well, Brother —, our work is done, and I mm glad to say it is my firm belief every one of us has voted on every occasion just as his convictions and best judgment directed."

"Brother Miller, 'said I, 'there is one question I want to ask you before I assent to that

directed."
"Brother Miller, said I. 'there is one question I want to ask you before I assent to that proposition, and if you will answer it in the affirmative I will agree with you in what you have just said."

affirmative I will agree with you in what you have just said.

What is it?

Are you prenared to declare that, in case the Presidency of the United States had not depended on our decisions, the votes would have been all the time as they were?

He admitted that he could not so declare, and I said: That is a great admission for you to make, and I think we have never met since."

WESTERN DRESSED BEEF GREAT MONOPOLY THAT IS CAUSING

ALARM IN PENNSYLVANIA. Farmers Threatened with the Bestre a Profitable Business-Facts and Figures Respecting a Matter of Universal Interest.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 17 .- The interior towns f Pennsylvania are gradually being alarmed by the steady approaches of the great Western dressed beef monopoly. So long as the contest between the two systems of supply—the live and the dead-was waged at a distance-in New England, New York, or New Jersey-it was regarded with very little interest by those here who were most concerned in the result. But now the overgrown Chicago firms, which slaughter by hecatombs and ship by trains. are pushing into all the small markets, seek-ing to displace stock men and butchers, effeetually destroying the immense local capital invested in the business and taking exclusive possession of it themselves. Here, at the capital, the dressed beef has made no great headway. For a while during last winter it was used by some of the hotels, but it was soon abandoned. In York the history was much the same. But in Lancaster and Reading enormous refrigerator storehouses have been erected, and local competition is threatened with Itotal destruction. These are fair illustrations of the way it goes all around. The towns and cities which are at-

an around. Ano towns an even white are as a record are and the prenches of the meast trate, while the rest quietly swalt that rurs to be assained. It was a second the arrections of beansylvania. It is success would depend that a record are all the prenches of the arrections of beansylvania. It is success would depend that a record are all the prenches of the arrections of beansylvania. It is success would depend the arrections of the arrections of the arrections of the arrection of the arrectio

While he was going for the cows on Wednesday, a lad in the employ of Ernest Ack of Saidie River.

N. J. isaw an eagle on the ground, which did not fly at his approach. He hirst on the head with a stone and it fell over, but when he ran up to secure it, it flew at him with such force as to knock him down. He then got a sitck and killed it after a short battle. It was found afterward that the eagle had been shot and severally wounded. It measured five feet from tip to tip.

LITTLE BOCE, Nov. 17.-War has been declared against the three-mile law, which provides that a majority of adults of both sexes may, by patition, pre-vent the sale of liquor within three miles of any church or school bouss. The liquor dealers have organized to boycott all who favor this prohibition.

CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE TOUCHED. President Jackson of Crow Hill Points Stick at the New Moon,

That Capt. Kidd's treasure was buried on Crow Hill has long been an article of faith with numerous colored residents of that part of Brooklyn. Yesterday a rumor reached a reporter for THE SUN that two colored men had actually held in their hands an iron-bound box which contained it. One of these men was found sitting in front of one of the most ramshackle of the tumble-down shantles in the quarter referred to. He was aged, coatless, and

hatless, and was smoking a blackened clay pipe. "Are you President Jackson?" the reporter asked: "and are you the man who got Capt. Kidd's treasure?"

"Dat's my name," he replied; "but I didn't zactly git de treasub, sah. Dey ain't nobody "Oh, I thought you had it."

"Yas, sah. So we hed. But Jim Coon spoke,

got dat yit."

"Oh, I thought you had it."

"Yas, sah. So we had. But Jim Coon spoke, an' st were gone like seat."

"How did you hear about it?"

"Dey's an old colored woman 'at lives in Chatham street. New Yahk. She's 30 yeahs ose, and she taiks wit' em all, sah-all de dead folks. But she doan want no treasuh. Hain't got no one ter leave et to, en hes all de money she kin spen. So when I goes ober dere las' week fer ter fin' my luck fer de yeah.—"

"Your luck for the year?"

"Your luck for the year.—"

"Your luck for the year?"

"Your luck for the year."

"Your luck for the year?"

"Your luck for the year."

"Your luck for the year?"

"Your luck well seal had year. I want and year. I want year.

ony fawty yands down from war we was a stannin.

"I walks dar an' stomps my stick on de stun, an' sam Johnson holds down de witch laimo an' de lamp flame curis and pints right down troo de stun. Den he blows de lamp out, an' away we goes wif de shovels a diggin like sixty, sah. De sky was kinder cloudin' up, an' we was 'fraid dat de black dark war goin' ter ketch us, Purty soon we war gittin' way down carvin' out a big pit. Dar war six ob us en de pit an' foah outside t'rowin' de dirt away so's et wouldn't roil back. Down an' down we went, an' de sky a glitin' blacker an' blacker till foah had ter go outen de pit fer fesh ob hittin' each odiah wid de shobels, an' lef' on'y two et a time workin'. Putty soon we hed to git ropes an' buckets ter hist up de dirt, we was a gittin' way down so fur. Sam Johnson an' I war en der pit togeddah, an' war a snortin' away fer all we's worth.

"All ob a suddent my shobel done struck sumpfin' hard. I war es 'cited es a hen, an' skinmed de dirt faster dan ebbah ter find out what dat sumpfin' war. Sam Johnson he war cited too, It war so dark we couldn't see nuifin' but we knowed our shohels was a strikin' iron an' wood, an' we dasn't light de witch lamp, fer dat would break de speli. I got clear roun' what we struck. It war a box, sah, an' I got my side all dug out. Den I cetched Johnson's hand an' put it down agin de box fer ter make him feet ob it. De uddah men war lockin' down. Dey war listenin' ter us wuhkin', an' when we stop dey got' cited. Den dey heerd us a pullin' an' strainin' an' dey done got monh 'cited dan ebbah, Jim Coon war leanin' ober de pit an' foh he knowed what he war a doin' sée he, quick, 'Hev you got et?' Dat war all he said. Swish, De box war gone! Swish, swish. Jim Coon came tumblin' down on us, foliered by, ugh! de dirtiest wntah I ebbah hed t'rown et me. Et come like a hose pipe, sah; an' me an'

Coon came tumblin' down on us, follered by ugh! de dirtiest watah I ebbah hed t'rown et me. Et come like a hose pipe, sah; an' me an' sam Johnson war knoeked down an' riz up to de mout of dat pit 'fore we knowed et. How we got outer dat watah I doan know, but when we did get out de first ting we did war ter kick dat Coon. We kick him all ober de hill, sah, an' e hain't get out of his house yet."

"Well, have you lost the treasure now?"

"Not quite, sah; not quite. Dar's a way fer us yet, an' we'll hev de treasuh dis time suah,' said the old man, knoeking the ashes out of his pipe, and smiling quietly at his own thoughts. Dah's a way for us yet, an' we's agoin' tor take it, an' nex' time dat Coon'll be gagged, sah. Wait an' see, sah; wait an' see, Dem as is laughin' at us now 'll be cryin' cause dey didn't believe."

FISHING FOR RATS.

The Way a Lonely Watchman Whiles Away the Long Hours of the Night.

The night watchman of the General Sessions building has a lonely vigil to keep. It is an important one, too, for he has to guard not only the papers of the District Attorney and the records of the Court of General Sessions, which include hundreds of indictments, but the offices of the Department of Taxes, where money that is received after the closing hour

which include hundreds of indictments, but the offices of the Department of Taxes, where money that is received after the closing hour of the banks is locked up in safes over night. Thomas McCann, the night watchman, is an elderly, but hale man, with the glow of winter pippins in his cheeks. He is of a jovial, easy-going temperament, and appears to have a liking for his lonesome employment. He is tall and vigorous and always well armad, and he treats lightly the suggestion that burglars might disturb his quiet. He goes on duity at 5 o'clock when the District Attorney's cierks go home, and the courts and offices are closed. He locks every door in the inside of the building, and bars the outer doors with formidable beams that would make the doors proof against the assault of a battering ram. Then he lights an argand burner in Mr. McKeon's outer office, and sits down to read. He keeps the door of the office open so that he can hear the slightest sound in the great building. Brooklynites crossing the bridge to their homes in the small hours of the morning see the watchman's light and perhaps wonder what industrious servant of the people is plodding over his desk at that time.

Watchman McCann was asked yesterday how he whiled away the night.

Well, he replied, in the funniest way, I guess, that most people ever heard of. The building is old, and some of the biggest rais imaginable haunt it. Well, I always was mighty fond of fishing, and I don't think there's any sport to beat it. Wen I was younger and didn't have to sit up all night I was a great fisherman. I've lots of my tackle and hooks and so on at home and it occurred to me one night that I might find sport in fishing for ats. I've found out that you can catch a rat with a hook and line as easily as you can a fish. I bait the lines with bits of meat and the them to door knobs or banisters in the big hallway, and let the rate cach themselves. At time I was the large of the him and the large of the him and the card at the hook and time as a soon as he was hooked

DUCKS ON LONG ISLAND. THE MANY VARIETIES OF BIRDS THAT FREQUENT GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Topping's Remarkable Lists-The Way the Indiana Deceive the Ducks-Hou Black Ducks Open Shells-Geese and Salpe MORICHES, Nov. 14 .- " Lot me have a gun?" "Sorry, sir; I haven't one in the shop."
"I shall not need it until to-morrow. I can all in the morning,"

'Twouldn't be of any use. Everything I have engaged two weeks ahead. Sorry I can't accommodate you."

This conversation occurred in a sportsman's depot in New York a day or two ago. The question was asked by a gentleman intent on a few days' duck shooting on Long Island, and the answers indicate the rush for shooting from at this season, when the law is "up" for almost every kind of feathered game.

A gun was obtained, however, by dint of no little search, and the sportsman, accompanied by the writer and a few other friends, started for the Great South Bay. Centre Moriches was reached about sunset, and our rendezvous, at Bishop's house, half an hour later. Here was rehearsed to us the particulars of the recent death of the veteran guide, Capt. John Bishop, who had headed many expeditions to the game birds' retreats in the Great South Bay. and who was known consequently to many of the sportsmen of New York and Brooklyn. After the depression of this incident we were soon cheered with the intelligence that the season was a glorious one for ducks, the change of the moon having brought clear, crisp, and frosty weather. The wind, too, was from just the right points—northwest to southwest—ruffling the water and making the decoys show finely. We are broakfast by candiclight next morning. A cracking breeze took us swiftly across the bay in the dim haze which prevails before sunrise. We were not oo carly. An occasional bevy of belated snipe went whistling away before the low of our sailboat, while a heavy flight of redheads or pintall; told us that the ducks were awake and in search of breakfast. Overhead or asiant, at a great distance away, an occasional string of wild geese, mostly of the Bront or Brant variety, went flying in the neculiar V share litto which these birds form behind their leader or captain.

The guides are always anxious to get into cover before daylight, to catch the birds that are hunting breakfast; hence the man who had us in charge. Si Topping, rushed us into the tall grass with all possible speed, concealed us and our boats from view, and left us to load our guns while he threw out and arranged the decays. Si is the successor, so to aneak, of John Bishop, and is well known to sportsmen. He carries and swings a villannous-looking muzzle-loader, which, like the Trishman's shillelah, was never known to miss fire and which, from its, death-deating history, he has named "Bloodgail." People here constantly wonder when Bloodgail will burst and disappear. But it never bursts, aithough the breech has become a mere mass of red rust and the muzzles are worn to the thinness of a knife blade. Si never coils it or takes earle of it. It lies in the rain and sun day after day. In winter it stands in the kitchen corner: In the spring it renpears as he says, the "language" of all the varieties of birds when flooder and the breech and the broad at th and who was known consequently to many of the sportsmen of New York and Brooklyn. After the depression of this incident we were

Canvassback, Maliards, Redheads, Sprictails, or pintalls, Widgeon. Woodducks, Sheldrakes, Sheldrakes, Sheamy sheldrakes, Meganzies, Hooded meganzies, Impers, Shoalducks, Lulleys, Coots, Widgeon. Speckiellellies, Blackducks, Spoonbills, Bay broadbills, Cove broadbills, Mud broadbills, Mud broadbills,

In addition there are semi-ducks known as loons, petrels, herons, and candlesticks. Some of these are rare, y shot, and it was the fortune of our party to get but one canvasback.
Of snipe he named the following varieties: Crinkers, Ringtails, Marlin.

English snipe, Curiew, Willet

Brant suipe, Beach robins Ringnecks, Sandpipers, White shipe,

prising but five varieties, namely:

Grav grees.

White geres.

Hongker geres.

The wild ducks have a reputation for shrewdness and cunning, but it is said they have been often badly fooled by the Indians who live on the reservation at Poosepaddock, near this place. The Indian sportsmen build a blind or hedge of boughs on the shore in plain sight of the ducks swimming in the bay. The work is watched all the while by the ducks, who have a great deal of curiosity in their nature as well as cunning. Half a dezen men with guns then watk down behind the hedge. Then one man rises, gun in hand, and deliberately walks away. His disapnentance is the signal for the ducks to swim or fly in to inspect the hedge, and a big bug is easily secured. The Indians say in explanation that the "ducks can't reckon further than one "in taking count of objects they see. Hence when one man goes away they think all the men have gone. It is only just to add that this trick is played only on the coarser sorts of ducks known generally as divers, which feed on fish as well as roots.

The black duck, which is short plentifully hereabours, is one of the most toothsome of the liner kinds. Its flavor is largely derived from eating clams which it procures by digging in the sand on the beach, the process being very amissing to an onlooker. The duck drags out the clam from its retreat, carries it to a stone or resk, and there breaks its shell. Then, by industrions use of toll and feet the duck extracts the clam from the surface. The duck drags out the clam from its retreat, carries it to a stone or resk, and there breaks its shell. Its other favorite food is the root of the duck grass. This it gets by dipping and tearing out the root and bringing it to the surface. The root, as prepared by the bird for exiling, is a soft, flexities, which is said to have a sweet and pleasant taste.

One feature at the close of our trip possessed ducks and service of our proposessed ducks and service of our proposessed ducks and service of our proposessed on usual interest for those was made place and

ront, and is said to have a sweet and pleasant uses.

One feature at the close of our trip possessed unusual interest for those was und gone duck shooting for the first trips. This was the division of the seeds. We soon learned that a castom as binding as law governed the matter, and was observed rightly by the guides to distributing the game to their detarting lattims. By this custom all dispute is prevented. The birds shot each day are kept sensuare and a taily is shot each day are kept sensuare and a taily is shot each day are kept sensuare and a taily is crosserved of the matter, and sensuare the party on that day. To these the birds are allotted share and since alike. The porcest shot is thus put on a level with the best one in getting a bag. As the party going out in charge of the guide each morning varies in numbers and make up from day to day the memory and mathematical powers of the guide are often taxed to their utmost, and must be of no mean order.

EYEBROWS ARCHED BY ART. Certain Limitations Acknowledged by a Con-

eclentions Practitioner.

In a small room on the second floor of a building in Fourteenth street is an "artiste" who devotes her time to "enamelling and beautifying faces on purely scientific principles," according to the glazed glass sign which hangs before the door. The room is furnished hangs before the door. The room is furnished with dingy chairs and mottled hangings. A well-worn carrier covered the floor, and a series of glass-fronted cases, half filled with cans and bottles well phastered over with labels, lined the walls. Near one of the two windows stood a reclining chair. In this the sole occupant of the room sat knitting busily. She was a woman beyond middle age, and not of stricing beauty. Her attire was commonplace. When the reporter entered she looked up from her knitting and said, as though used to the phrase.

"Gentlemon are not received as customers here."

and said, as though used to the rhrase:

Gentlemen are not received as customers here.

Do men ever ask to be enamelled?"

Never."

Do women?"

Often—particularly those who are advanced in life, or have some disliguring mark on their faces."

What I particularly wished to ask you about is the operation of maxing eyebrows arch so as to present a constant appearance of coyness and innocense."

Well to be caudid," said the artist, "there is no such thing as making eyebrows. It is possible, if the eyebrows are trick to pull out hairs here and there, and make the outline more graceful, but hair can't be made to grow in new places. I never profess to accomplish the impossible. The expression of surprise is easily given by shading the top of the middle of the eyebrows on as to give it an arched look."

SEARCHING FOR THE FLATIRON. A Once Noted Black in Old Gotham now Un known to the People of a Qualit District.

Alderman Kirk's liquor store is in a very old-fashioned district noted in the annals of the old Voiun eer Fire Department as the flatiron neighborhood. It is supposed to have taken that name from one peculiarly shaped block of temporary notoriety. A reporter of THE SUN went there to find that block and see what use and condition it had come to. Going down New Chambers street the reporter saw down New Chambers street the reporter saw ahead of him a little block that was not only like a flatiron, but had a handle sticking out behind it, strongly suggestive of an iron stand. He found that this handle effect was produced by the smallest and most singular street on Manhattan Island. In small leiters one could paint its name upon it without making the sign turn a corner. The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner. The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner. The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner. The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner. The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner, The name is Chesting the sign turn a corner. The name is the behavior of the firm of the other, and the point sticks into New Bovers, With startling flucility to inaminate nature, the builder has rounded the sharp end of the building to make a stub end to the iron. On the little square of dirt behind Chestnut street is the handle of the iron stand, a weeden stand just large enough and broad enough for the true effect. The Flatiron, if this is it, is mainly given over to the second-hand furniture trade.

Above these stores most of the tenements seem deserted, but the lowest roof is green with potted and boxed plants. An Italian woman, with her face tied up in a dirty cloth, looked mournfully out of a smudgy window, and the fire seepes are lung with ends of stovepipe, bits of carpet, and retired soap boxes. A second-hand furniture man had put a rusty iron erth across Chestnut street, and was painting it green.

"Is this the Faitron? Can you tell me where I can find the Faitron?"

The man rubbed his painty flugers in his eyes and withdraw a snort brier pipe from the cravice in his beard that revealed the locality of his mouth.

"Don't keep'em," said he.

The roporter persisted, and found that the man regarded himself as part of the neighborhood, but had never heard of the Faitron. An interminable line of hacks was in close pursuit of his mouth.

"Don't keep'em," said he.

The roporter persisted and found that the man re ahead of him a little block that was not only like a flatiron, but had a handle sticking out behind it, strongly suggestive of an iron stand

went out. A stranger who had witnessed the proceeding remarked to the saloon keeper that it was a somewhat singular one.

"Seems so to you, of course," said the saloon keeper. "We used to think so, too, till we found out. That old man is Bear Lake Johnson. That isn't his name, but he lives over near Bear Lake, and, as we don't know what his name really is, we call him Johnson because it's easy to think of.

"He's a nice, quiet old man, and only takes one drink every nine days. That was the one you saw him get away with just now. He's been coming here for years, and his visits are always nine days apart. The only errand he seems to have is to buy his pint of whiskey and drink it. Then he goes away, and comes back again as regular as a clock at the end of nine days. This funny performance of the old gentleman finally attracted attention, and it got

days. This funny performance of the old gentleman finally attracted attention, and it got so that on the day he was due here my place would be filled with all sorts of people curious to see the man who iaid in a nine-days supply of the old stuff at one gulp. We used to sit around the stove here night after night trying to hit on some good reason for the old man's conduct, and I got worked up so over the thing that I made up my mind when he came in again to ask him for an explanation.

The next time be came in and just after 1 had filled his bottle. I asked him if he wouldn't tell me why it was that he drank a pint of whiskey at one drink every nine days. He hesitated a minute, and tien beckoned to me to go with him into my office. I did so. He rolled up the left leg of his large, loose trousers halway between his knoe and his thigh. There, on the side of his leg, was the figure of a bottle, which I thought had been tattooed in his leg. It was the exact shape and size of the bottle in which Bear Lake always got his whiskey, only it was of a dark purple color.

"There's a mark, 'said Bear Lake,' that I was he exact shape and size of the bottle in which Bear Lake always got his whiskey, only it was on with. You see that it looks now as if it was uset painted on the skin. I wish it was. In twenty minutes after I drink this whiskey that spot will raise up an inch above the flesh, and be literally a bottle of whiskey. In nine days it will have resumed its original position. During that time I have no desire for liquor, but at the end of pine days my craving for it becomes irresistible, and if I should not satisfy me. I could not drink a mouthful more to saye my life."

"The old man drank his whiskey and wont out but he came in an hour afterward and showed me the spot on his leg again. It was raised an inch above the flesh, as he had said it would be.

"The business in shelf paper is only about ten years old." a manufacturer said. "Then its edges were cut by a cutting machine, and the cost came to about \$1.50 per gross. By and by better machinery was used, and the price if lit to forty cents per gross, and then I came in with labor-saving machinery and I further reduced it to twenty cents. The paper used when the industry began to spread out was of good ounlity, and was called poster paper; now we use a peculiar kind made of wood pulp, and unless they can get some cheaper material to that kind of paper will never be less in price. We take that paper and run it through a stamping machine, which stamps out the design. The dies used in stamping are very easily, and the presses also. Here is one worth about \$1,000 including dies. The quantity of shelf paper sod is amazing. We ship it by the ton. I think that \$150.000 worth is sold in a year.

Another branch of this business is stamping out stars, squares \$0, in pretty designs. Perhaps you think that these stars, which are so combicated and delicate, are stammed out by a die with the full design on it. That would be too expensive. I have a number of griss to fold for me, and according as to how it is fooded so is the design. It is run through the press and stamped, and when it is taken out we nufold it and there is your patte u perfect. We make designs to place dishes vises, lamps and stamped, and when it is taken out we nufold it and there is your patte u perfect. We make designs to place dishes vises, lamps and stamped, and when it is taken out we nufold it and there is your patte u perfect. We make designs to place dishes vises, lamps, and they are dirty just throw them away and get another pair. They cost cleas than a dolar, and will be cheaper by and by

We make perforated board also. Here is the finest we make. It has about five hundred holes to a square inch. From these we go up to large holes only a dozen to an inch. We also stamp oil-cloth for shelves, and wood, too."

SAVING THE ERIE'S CHARTER

THE STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN T RAILS.

Contract which was Fulfitted Under Many Difficulties, and which Resulted in the Remarkable Investment of \$200,000,000, SCRANTON, Nov. 17 .- The taking of a conract by the Lackawanna Iron Company of this city to make 30,000 tons of steel rails has given the iron business in this valley, which has been anything but lively for several months, a new impetus, and has relieved several thousand employees of the iron works from deep anxiety for the future, the prospect having been that there would be an extended shut down this winter. The circumstance of another memorable contract taken by this company, early in its history is now recalled and related by old citizens. The fact may not be generally known that the first T rail ever manufactured in this country was made in Scranton, and by the successful performance of the contract the future of the company was at once assured, and the completion of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad (Erie Railway) was made

possible within the time required by law.

In 1843 there was no city of Scranton, A small village, called Harrison, consisting of a few scattered houses, in what was known as the Hollow, and surrounded by dense woods, was the nearest approach to a city then existing in this part of the valley. In that year

with potted and boxed plants. An Justian booked mouritally out of a smudgy wingly, and the fire secures are hung with each of the process. As excend hand formitter man had put a rusty iron erib across Cinestout street, and the fire secures are hung with each of the secure and without a small the platforn? Can you tell me where I can find the platforn? Ga you tell me where I can find the platforn? Ga you tell me where I can find the platforn? Ga you tell me where I can find the platforn? Ga you tell me where I can find the platforn? Ga you tell me where I can find the platforn? I can the process of the platforn of the selection of the platforn of the selection of the platforn of

A TREE WITHIN A TREE.

The Mysterious Stones that the Rev. Mr. Williams Uncarthed in Michigan. HONESDALE, Nov. 17 .- The Rev. W. W. Williams of Berlin township, Wayne county, has in his possession a number of stones bearing were used in some mysterious transaction nearly two hundred years ago. Mr. Williams says he found them in Michigan. He lived in Petoskey, Emmett county, in that State, in 1876, and in November of that year, as he was felling a hemlock tree on his farm, on cutting into the trunk about a foot he was surprised to see bark reappear among the chips. After cutting down the tree, he split it open and

It was the exact singer and size of the bottle in which Rear Lake always got his whiskey, only it. The property of the propert

A Pennyaworth of Toys. "I could fill THE SUN with a descriptive list of the toys that are seed for a penny," said a Division afrect toy dealer. "I mean that the retail price street toy dealer. I mean that the retail price is a penny because many of them are sold to the retailers at a dollar so use Here for instance is a jumping jack six inchesting. Here is an assortment of dolls, chima-jointed of various sizes. Here are varieties of whistless a direction lines, there is a next tension lante or with who den frame at the top and boffers a surface and make a six a second paper sides, all for a pointy or \$1 a gross. Among other things to the that for a point each are a sponse, a better covered will seven by and appear of castantes, six for a point each are a sponse, a better covered will seven by and appear of castantes, six paris of cit deal and stanged paper for organization, it seven by and, two account mosts, two flags, and three candidas. Here is a set of dapanese fish and tackle. The flag has a magnet in its mouth and the house are said the way for that you can pull the fish out of the water, and the way for that you can pull the fish out of the water, and the way for that you can pull the fish out of the water, and the way for that you can pull the fish out of the water, and the way for the court five courts. How do it of its soon of the soon